

POETRY

EUROPE—A RETROSPECT.
I saw a thousand towers—cathedral
towers—
Arise serene and white
Into the blue of crystal morning hours.
Into the moonlit night—

I heard them sing above
clan
Of human work and love

The song of peace, of brotherhood for
Of Christian altars burning—
When lo, the acous that sent the ill
towers
Aspirants to the sky,
Reminding men through sand and joy-
less hours
Of love, that must not die—
I saw them rushing passionate for
gain,
Storming a brother's gate,
Blasting his temples, making all the
place
A slaughter-pit for hate!
I gave the leader of the royal game
Obed the command,
God on his lips to murder in God's
name
To crush the land!
Not yet O strong and tender Nagarene,
Thy singdron-tender arises
Not yet while such a human sense
Can dawn on childhood's eyes:
Two thousand years—and still the
Callous of love and wit
Why is kindness such a fantastic word,
Makes such a slaughter-pit!

JACK LONDON

Here's to you, Jack, whose virtue pen
concerns itself with man's size men
Here's to you, Jack, whose stories tell
With savor of the western breeze;
With magic of the south—and chill
Shrill—of the ice-land and seas;
You have not wallowed in the mire
And muck of tales of foul desire.
For, though you've sung of light and
And
Of love and hate—ashore, afloat—
You have not struck a ribald note
Nor made your art a common bawd.
Here's to you, Jack! I've loved you

best,
Your finest stories from
Your sagas of the north.

But what is more—I've loved your
Por. In the poorest work you do,
There's something clean and strong
And true.
A tangle of big and primal things,
A chaos of form and vast and fire.
A touch of wizardry which brings
The glamour of the wild to me.
So when I read a London tale
Forthwith I'm set upon a trail
Of great adventure, and I track
Adventure round the world and back.
Will you be guide—here's to you,
Jack!

—From Berton Brinley's "Things As
They Are," published by George H.
Doran Company.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"Every man has got his price."
"Yes, and there are a lot of bargain
sales."—Judge.

"Patience.—They say Saturn has eight
moons."
"Patience—it must be a great place for
a hammock!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Chief of police—If you were ordered
to disperse a mob, what would you
do?"
"Applicant—I'd pass around the hat."
—Life.

"Contractor—I'm employing all the
men I need right now."
"Contractor—Seems to me you
could take on me, the little work
I'd do."—The Siren.

"Well, I lived seven

"What sort of a bridge player is Flubdub?"

"I never saw anybody succeed in maneuvering the ace of trumps away from him. I've seen him fall down

—Kansas City Journal.
"Did you ever hear of

"Oh, yes."
"I presume she was called a Jewel."
"She doubtless was considered one but the family called her 'mother.'"
— Birmingham Age-Herald.

Doctor (to small boy aged four)—
Put your tongue out, please.
The juvenile protruded the tip of his tongue.
Doctor—No, no; put it right out.
The boy's doctor was the distressed fellow.
"It's fastened—on to me,"
— Pearson's Weekly, London.

"Please, Central, will yer gimme a bit more of this?"
"Aw, mate, yer bits—I didn't sit the one I axed fer."

"Why, then, did you
ing?"

"Well, you see, Central, I thought twice, and she thought twice, but two times neither of us," Southern Telephone News.

"I don't believe we can stand all these additional expenditures you are planning."

"Well, Charley, dear," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "I'll tell you what we'll do. 'We'll go ahead and make them do. Just same, and you can be a committee to observe and determine whether the experiment is a success,'"

—Washington Star.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Practically all the 25,000,000 tons of paper manufactured daily in this country is made from woodpulp.

For use in blasting
fuse-cutting, cap-crimping

Telescopic spectacles have been invented for persons who are so extremely nearsighted that ordinary lenses do not offset the defect.

An instrument has been invented to check quickly and accurately the alignment of automobile wheels to ascertain if they track correctly.

To lessen the shocks a new detachable tandem seat for motorcycles is equipped with telescopic springs and vertical springs and has a back rest.

Gold, silver, copper,
mercury, iron, nickel,
and aluminium are the

C. C. Green of Wayneboro, Miss who has reappeared after a year's sojourn, no one knows where, has found himself buried and his estate settled.